

STEAMSHIPS.

**PRINCE OF WALES TO PROLONG
Stay at Oxford.**

DEFERS ENTERING ARMY.

**Loves Sports and Is a Runner of No
Small Ability—Voted Jolly
Good Fellow.**

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, February 24, 1912.

The Lent term at Oxford is now more than half over, and the torpids—the chief event of the term—have aroused exceptional interest. The Prince of Wales, following the prevailing custom, a friend informs me, has been running with his college boat during the racing. One day he actually ran on the towpath after participating in a game of "soccer"—a feat which speaks well for his powers of endurance. In fact, he seems to be a runner of no small ability, and there is talk of his taking up the pursuit more definitely.

It would be interesting to see him inside the ropes at Queen's Club in the intervarsity contest. There is quite a possibility of this, for the prince has so settled down to the varsity life, and is gaining so much benefit from his studies, that he will prolong his stay for a second year instead of entering the army after

These days, when the prince is seen in the town or on the towpath, the "townies" have come to take his appearance as a matter of course. He is no longer a curiosity. He has been coming from the first, and it must be a great relief to the prince, who has by no means lost of finding himself the center of attraction. Moreover, Mr. Hansell, his tutor, is not now so ubiquitous, and the prince's absence from the university is now for a very appreciable while. Tutor and equerry were perpetually in attendance, is now losing its force.

Nickname No Discourtesy.

This nickname, by the way, was not given in any spirit of depreciation, for all vote the prince "a jolly good fellow." But it was generally regarded as a play on the words "prag" and "prince." Otherwise he was not allowed at first to exercise the privileges of "being on his own"—the delight of every boy newly released from the trammels of school discipline.

The outside world seems to have been brought to the prince's notice by the undergraduate known as the "pragger-wagger." This style of Oxford slang is mainly confined to the "praggers," who are generally actually used in a few stereotyped and recognized phrases. To believe that the Oxford undergraduate speaks in this manner is to be as far from the mark as the "Magers Mogs" and the Prince of Wales as the "pragger-wagger" is to have a very distorted idea of Oxford.

Factory Fumes and Farmers.

From Harper's Weekly.

In industrial regions a conflict often arises between the interests of those who exploit the soil and those who exploit machinery in factories. In recent times smoke has been inflicting serious damage on the neighborhood of the great iron-works (Aachen), where Prof. Wieler carried on an investigation, the results of which

History Society of that city.

Dr. Wisler has shown that the smoke, or rather the fumes, from some of the factories dissolves the lime of the soil, and thus converts the sulphuric and hydrochloric acids. When thus deprived of the lime the soil becomes more acid, and the bacteria which are retaining the many soil bacteria that are essential to the nitrification processes.

In most cases the damage done to the forest soils is done by an application of lime. The oak is one of the most resistant plants with respect to acidity, but even the oak is injured by the action of the acid fumes upon the soil, there is a direct injury through the roots of the tree. The roots are the points of root. If some of the plants do manage to adjust themselves by slower growth, as is the case with the oaks in the parks and boulevards, where they are assailed by the smoke and vapors of automobiles, it will still be only a question of time. Dr. Wisler is to raise fruit trees in the regions contaminated by the factory fumes.

East Side.

From the New York Globe.

Some day, when the lower east side of New York feels the full force of the west wind missionaries to other parts of the city. It ought to export missionaries instead of importing them. In what newspapers does the highest proportion of "cultural" news appear? In those whose circulation is largest in the city? In what part of the city do people read the solidest books? On the east side. "In certain strata and streaks of society on the east side, says Arnold Bennett in "Four United States," things artistic and cultured are taken more seriously, an intensity of emotion and understanding impossible to Anglo-Saxons. This I know."

We native Americans may have minds just as active as the minds of the east side, but our mental activities are lessened by the uneducated, untrained, aimed more

ly native Americans are very inferior to the European race. The state of the east side, particularly in imaginative books and in plays, has leavened the rest of the city. New York will be a better place for the real artist in words.

Slav and Serb.

From the London Chronicle.

We are tempted to think of Slavs and Serbs (remembering the Latin "servus" and our "serf") as if they had been named from their former subjection to the slave degradation. The other way round—"slav" having originally meant a person of Slavonic race, captured and kept in servitude by the Germans. Slavonic writers naturally lean to the latter view, and from a word meaning glory. Others connect both "Slav" and "Serb" with a root that makes both signify warriors. From a word meaning glory, "Slav" is explained as meaning intelligibly speaking and "Serbs" as meaning "the people." From a word meaning warrior, "Slav" is explained as meaning "the people" when it tackles a racial or national name.

An Irishman's Dog.

From the London Mail.

When the Ballykealy Coursing Club prosecuted Patrick Whelan at Tullow, County Carlow, for alleged trespass on its preserves, a gamekeeper of the club saw Whelan on the lands with a greyhound and a stick. A witness, George Townsend, said Whelan was never a poacher.

The magistrate: "Does he keep a dog?"

"I would not say it was a dog."

"You would call it a greyhound?"

"It was a fool of a thing. It might be a dog."

"A sort of the law."

"It's a greyhound."

"The eyes of one, but I think he banished it."

"Would it kill a hare?"

"I don't think it would if you held it up."

Not This Time.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Yes, sir," averred the New York man, "my house was robbed—looted in broad daylight."
"Where were the police?"
"Now, hold on. I don't say the police were mixed up in it."